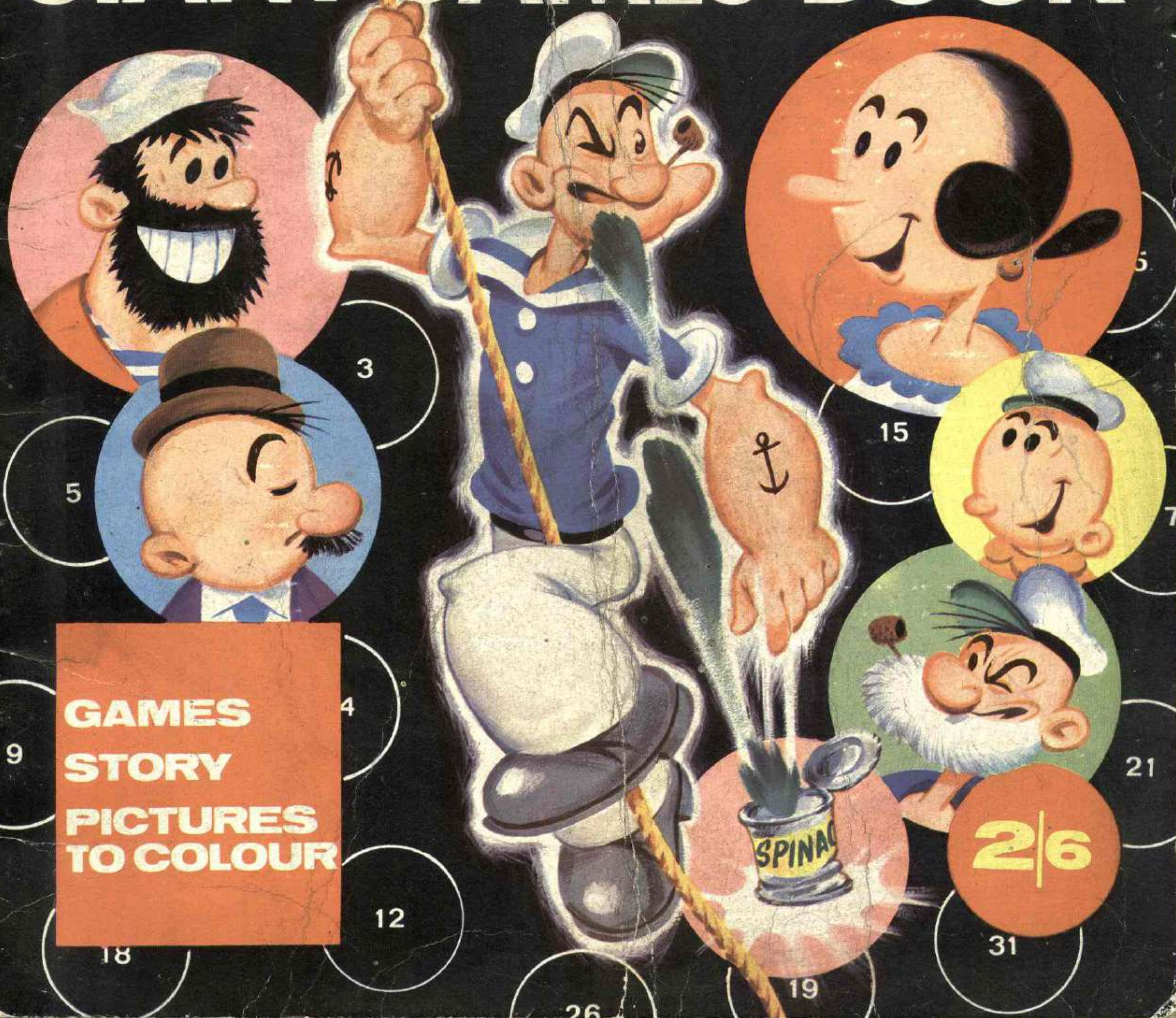
POPEYE
GIANT GAMES BOOK



GAMES
STORY
PICTURES TO COLOUR

POPEYE

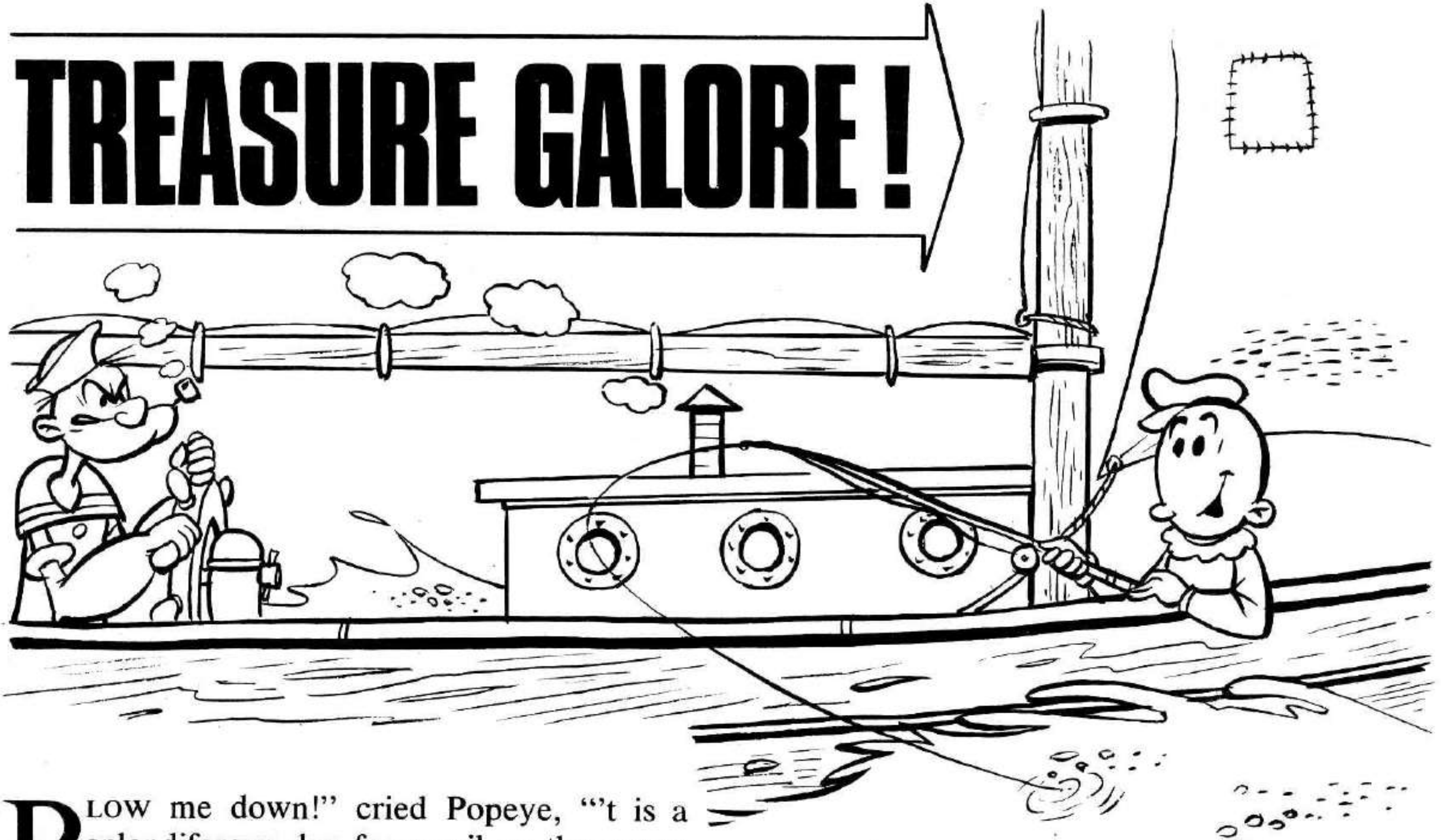


GIANT GAMES BOOK

A story book with pictures to colour and five games for you to play

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED

TREASURE GALORE!



"BLOW me down!" cried Popeye, "'t is a splendiferous day for a sail on the ocean deep. Tell ya what we'll do. Swee'pea, we'll go fishing!"

His little friend clapped his hands in glee. "An' catch a lotta lovely fish to eat," he chuckled.

So it came about that Popeye and Swee'pea were shortly to be seen going aboard the famous sailor's famous boat - loaded with fishing-rods, landing nets and wicker baskets.

"We're sure to catch a whole lotta fish, so we'd better take a whole lotta baskets to put them in!" said Swee'pea.

"Suppose them fish ain't in a biting mood?" said Popeye, as he took the wheel of the boat.

Swee'pea grinned impishly. "Then you'll just have to dive in an' *put* them on the hook," he chortled.

"Great jumpin' yardarms!" roared Popeye. "I likes being *on* the sea... not in it!"

"Well, even if them fish ain't in a bitin' mood we'll have a lovely sail on a lovely day," said Swee'pea.

And a few minutes later off they set on the calm blue waters, both looking forward to a peaceful day out.

Little did they know what was in store for them!

For, peering from behind a thick clump of bushes was the Sea Hag. "A nice day's fishing, eh?" Haggy muttered. "If only I could think of some way to spoil it for them..."

She watched Popeye steering the boat out to sea. Then she sneaked down into the Witch's Workshop.

"There must be some way to get even with that pestiferous Popeye," Haggy told herself angrily. "He's always beaten me in the past and it's time I had my turn..."

She looked round at all the knobs and switches and test tubes and high voltage electrical machines, and the huge witch's cauldron in which many a foul concoction had been concocted.

"With all my nasty gimmicks there *must* be a way to wallop Popeye," she told herself. "Gone fishin' has he? I hope he's attacked by an enormous whale..."

As the last word came from her, Haggy hopped in delight – for at last she had got an idea!

"I'll have to work fast and in secret," she went on.

With Haggy to think was to act. She hopped outside and hung a big notice on the door –

DANGER! WITCH AT WORK

EVIL DOINGS BEING DID – KEEP OUT!

"If anybody comes calling that'll scare 'em off for sure," the Sea Hag mused. She hopped back inside and turned a huge key in a huge lock. And, just to make doubly sure, she shot all the bolts.

"Popeye'll be sailing the ocean waves all day, which gives me time to execute my dastardly plan," she gloated. "If I work at witch-like speed I'll have the means to execute Popeye too!"

Without wasting another minute the Sea Hag went to work. Machinery whirred, the cauldron was stirred, knobs and switches were turned this way and that.

Strange, muffled sounds came from behind the locked door to the Witch's Workshop. Never before had Haggy been in such a hurry!

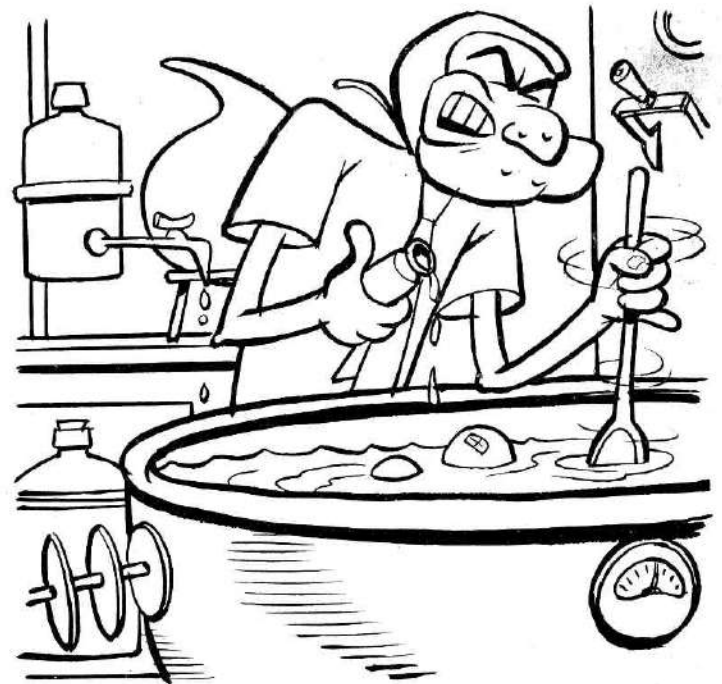
But she didn't mind... because she knew that her crafty caper was working out just as she had planned.

Finally another muffled sound came from behind the locked door – a curious swishing, plopping and floundering sound!

"Heh, heh, heh!" cackled Haggy in glee. "Oh, what a stunning surprise is in store for Popeye the Sailor Man as he sets out for home! Heh, heh, heh, heh!"

It had been a happy day for Popeye and his little chum out on the deep blue sea.

True, they hadn't caught any fish. But they hadn't really minded. The sun had been shining all the time, a soft breeze had gently rippled the waves, they had had a lovely picnic and were both feeling that this was just about the nicest time they had ever had.



And so, in the quiet eventide, our heroes were sailing home at peace with the world...

But not for long.

Ahead of them as they cut through the clear water a ripple appeared.

Swee'pea, who was acting as the lookout, chanted excitedly: "Hey, Popeye – there's sump'n coming towards us..."

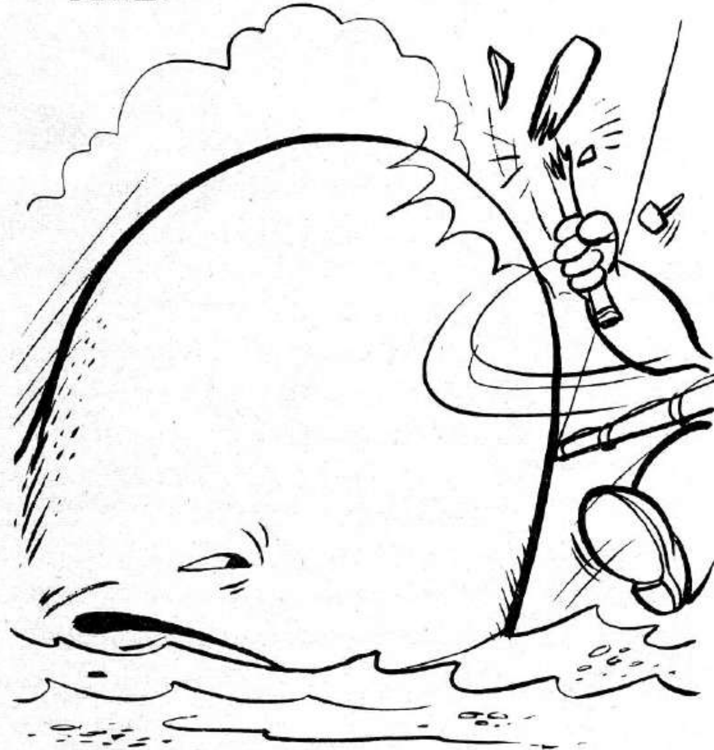
Popeye, who was at the wheel, bawled: "Ya must be dreaming, it's a ripple!"

But his friend was fairly dancing up and down with excitement. "It's getting bigger an' bigger, it must be some kinda ship..."

"Heh, heh!" chuckled Popeye. "Th' next thing is you'll be telling me it's a huge monsker of the ocean. Stop botherin' me, Swee'pea, will ya?"

He had turned his head when a screech made him bite his tongue.

"YIKE!"



Popeye swung round vexedly. "Gluk-gluk!" he roared. "You've made me bite meself. Ugh! I yam disgustipated wit you, Swee'pea, and... HELP!"

For, at last, Popeye had seen what Swee'pea had seen... not a giant ripple on the calm sea, not a ship suddenly appearing, but the biggest and most fantasticated whale ever!

"Oo-er!" mumbled the brave sailor, though, to tell the truth, he wasn't feeling very brave.

For the whale, all shining black, seemed to be zooming straight towards them!

"The horrid monsker of the deep is gonna get us, Popeye!" cried Swee'pea. "What ya gonna do to save us?"

Popeye's chin stuck out. His first fright over, the sailorman was fairly bristling with rage.

"I kin deal wit a swab like that any time, Swee'pea!" he roared. And as he spoke, he grabbed a belaying pin. "I'll wait for that wacky whale ter come in close and then I'll zonk it on the conk!" he bellowed belligerently.

WHOOSH went the whale, as it shot through the clear blue water straight for the boat!

"Heh, heh, heh!" chortled Popeye, as he leaned over the side with upraised arm. "Take *that!*" he roared.

And with a mighty lunge he brought the hard belaying pin down with a terrible clunk.

But in the next second Popeye was staring with bulging eyes – for the belaying pin had smashed into half a dozen pieces!

"Blow me down!" bawled Popeye, "that fearful monsker must have a head of solid steel!"

"Oops!" wailed Swee'pea, "now we're sure gonna be sunk wit'out trace, Popeye..."

"I'll... I'll... I'll..." babbled Popeye. But



whatever it was Popeye meant to do his little friend never knew, for in the next instant the monster whale whammed straight into the side of their boat.

KER-RASH!

SPLASH!

GLUG-ULP!

The boat had keeled over sideways. For a second it wobbled, then righted itself – but by this time Popeye and Swee'pea had been flung into the watery waves.

"What an arful fate!" bellowed Popeye. "Hurled into a watery grave – or we would've bin if we wasn't good swimmers!"

"I'm all right, Popeye," chanted his little chum. "But where's that fearful monsker?"

"It's gone straight on like nothing could stop it, Swee'pea," gasped Popeye. "And that's kinda funny..."

"Ha, ha!" said Swee'pea feebly.

"I mean it's sump'n I don't unnerstan' – a whale attacking us and then going straight on."

Popeye peered into the distance. A faint whirring sound reached his flapping ears.

"Swee'pea!" he yipped. "That monsker is no real whale, it's kind of a mechanical whale."

"Bu... but..." began Swee'pea as he swam back to the boat.

"I yam suspicious," rumbled Popeye. "Somebody sure 'nuff has made a giant mechanical whale and set it on us!"

"Hot dorg!" gasped Swee'pea. "Now who would do such a terrible thing to us?"

"HAGGY!" hollered Popeye. "I detect the hidden hand of our old enemy the Sea Hag!"

"Gorsh!" babbled Swee'pea. "What are ya gonna do?"

"DO?" roared Popeye. "I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do, I'm... WASSAT?"

For as he spoke Popeye, who was about to clamber back aboard, had seen something floating in the clear blue water.

He grabbed at it and let out a big shout.

"Blow me down!" he cried excitedly, "we has found a pirate map. It must've floated up outa one of them bottles used by the old buccaneers for hiding treasure maps in!"

They both got back on the boat and Swee'pea asked: "But wha' does it tell us?"

Popeye chortled with delight. "It ses there is big treasure on the desert island of Spinovia, which is only twelve sea miles from here!"

"Wha' kinda treasure?" inquired Swee'pea, who liked to have the fullest details.

"Ya can't tell everything from a li'l bit of paper," said Popeye sagely. "But it ses treasure is buried five feet down under some palms on the southern tip of the li'l ole desert island of Spinovia."

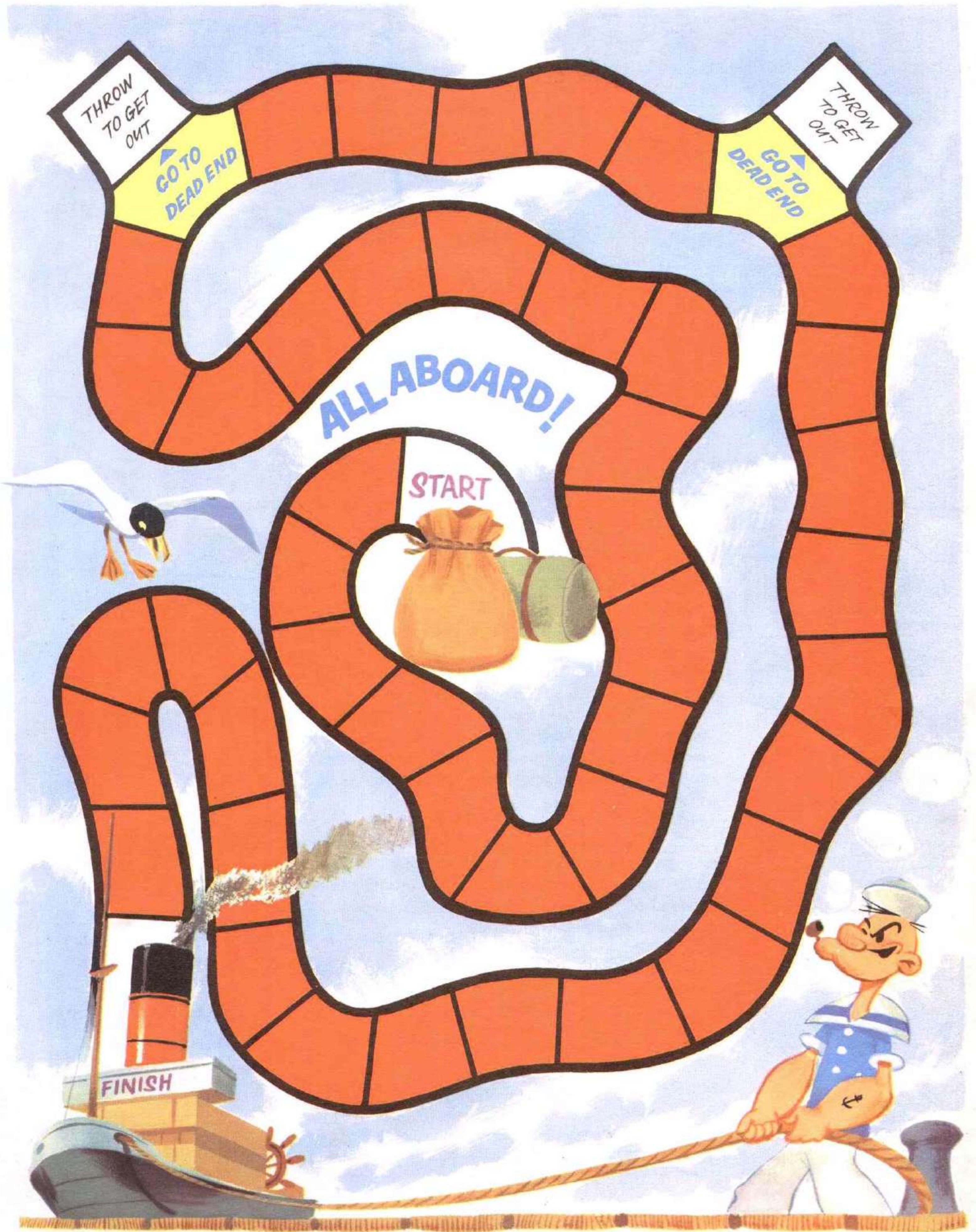
ALL ABOARD

A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use dice and spinner and one counter for each player, cut from centre page.

OBJECT – To avoid missing Popeye's Tug. The player who starts spins the spinner and then rolls the dice. If the dice gives a higher number than the spinner then the player moves forward that number. If it does not he moves back two spaces. If you are still on the start square you stay where you are and miss a go. If the spinner and the dice show equal numbers you have another go.

The winner is the first player to reach the tug.



THROW TO GET OUT
GO TO DEAD END
THROW TO GET OUT
GO TO DEAD END
ALL ABOARD!
START
FINISH

TUG O' WAR TEAMS

A GAME FOR 2 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use the dice and one counter for two players or two counters for four players.

OBJECT – To move the counter to your end of the rope. Players sit facing the ends of the rope. When there are two players only, one rope is used. When there are four players both ropes are used. One of the players will roll the dice; then his opponent will have his turn. The dice then passes to the person on his left followed by his opponent and then on to the person on his left. In this way both games can be carried on together. When both ropes have a winner, players can change places so that the winners can play one another and the two loosers can fight out third and fourth place. In this way there can be an outright winner among the four players.

Method of scoring – Counters are placed on the yellow centre circle. Take turns in throwing the dice. The player whose turn it is to throw is the first to move the counter. He moves it as many spaces as shown on the dice towards his end of the rope. Second player moves the counter back towards his end the number shown on the dice.

The winner is the first player to get the counter to his own end of the rope.

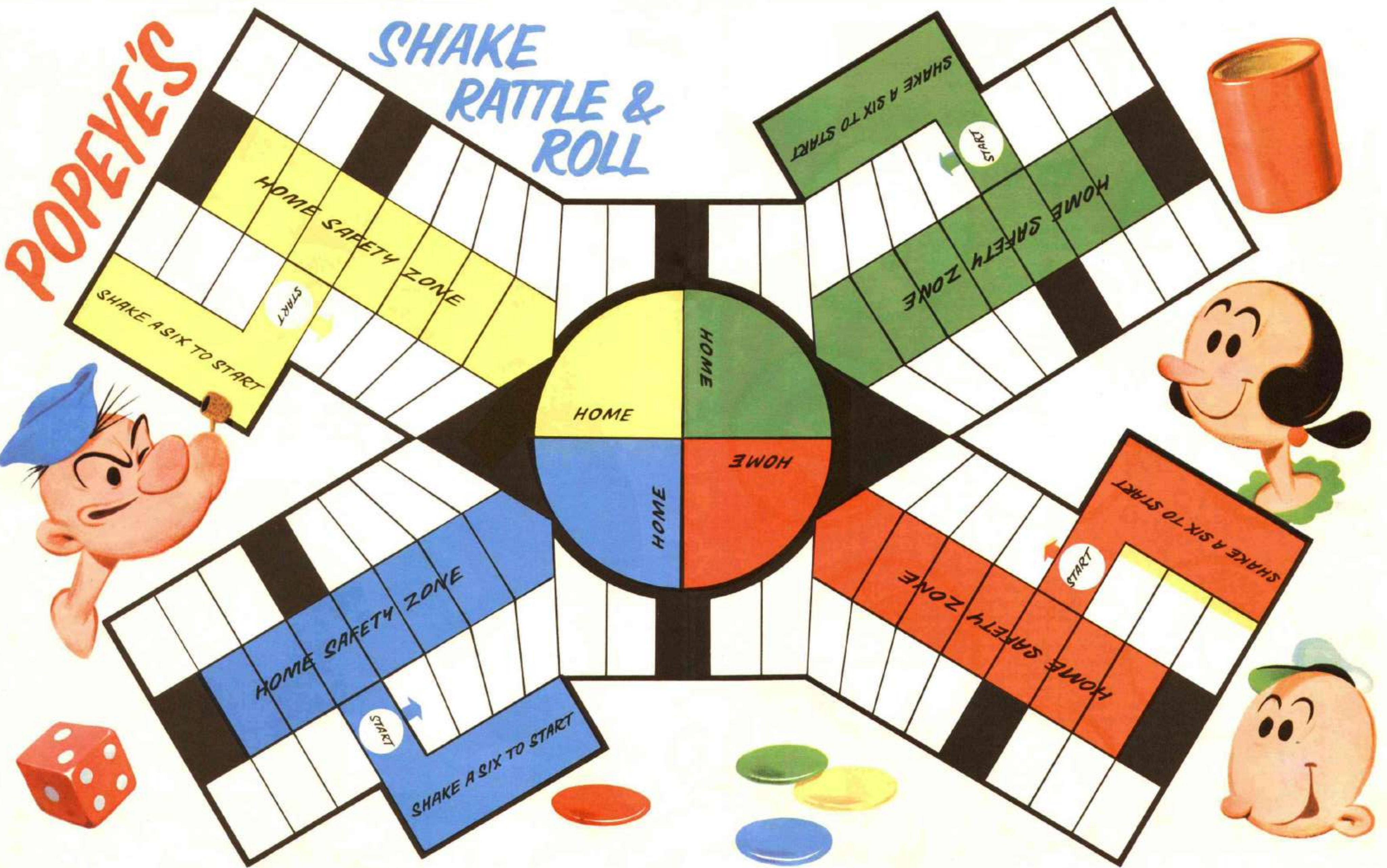
TUG O' WAR TEAMS







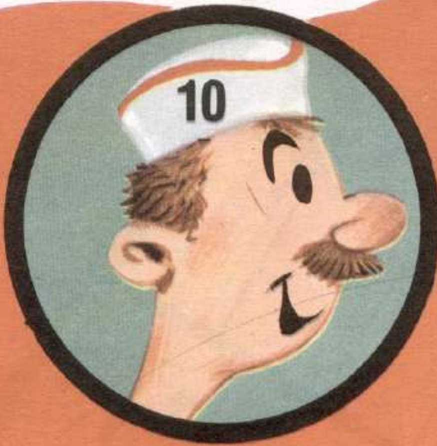



POPEYE'S
SHAKE RATTLE & ROLL
HOME SAFETY ZONE
START
SHAKE A SIX TO START
HOME SAFETY ZONE
START
SHAKE A SIX TO START
HOME
HOME
HOME
HOME
HOME SAFETY ZONE
START
SHAKE A SIX TO START
HOME SAFETY ZONE
START
SHAKE A SIX TO START

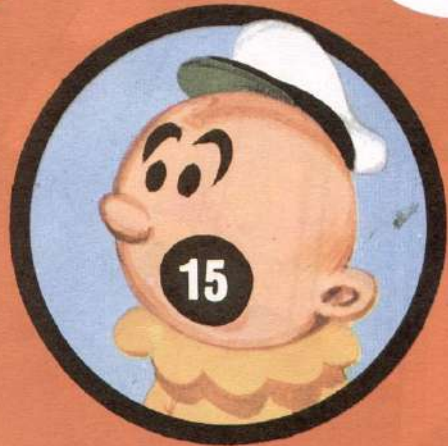
HOOP·LA

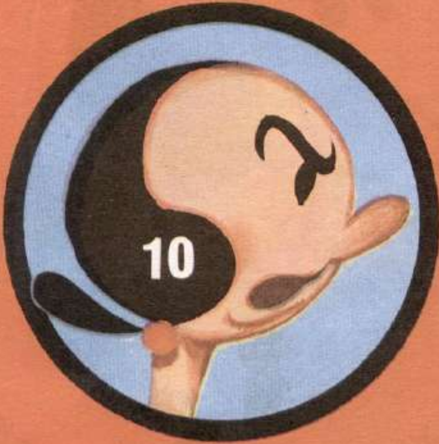


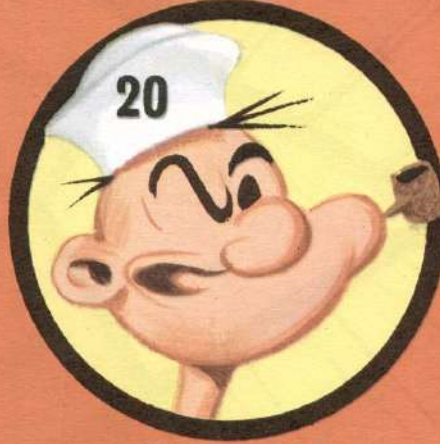


























HOOPLA

A GAME FOR ANY NUMBER OF PLAYERS

Cut the rings for this game from the centre page and also the three stand-up figures. Popeye, Wimpy and Olive.

OBJECT – To ring the numbered circles or stand-up figures, to reach a predetermined total. Try playing to a 100 or a 150 to start with. Later you may want to raise this number to make a longer game.

Place the book on a flat surface and stand about two feet away to throw the five rings. You can play this game without the stand-up figures, but if you want to use them you can place them over any of the circles on the board. As it would be too difficult to ring the circles exactly, it can be considered sufficient to score if you have the number completely ringed.

The winner is the first player to reach the total.

POPEYE'S SHAKE, RATTLE & ROLL

A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use the dice and four counters for each player.

OBJECT – To move four men around the board to home. Each player chooses four counters of one colour. Players take turns rolling the dice. Highest score plays first. Thereafter, play progresses to the left. Counters, called men, are introduced into the game from the starting point on the right of a player's HOME SAFETY ZONE by shaking a six. Only one man of your colour is allowed on any square at a time, but once a man or men are in play by shaking sixes for them, they may be played in any order, although only one counter may be moved in any one turn. Travelling anti-clockwise round the board, a player encounters black squares. These are safety zones. When overtaken by an opponent landing on your square, your counter is automatically knocked off and returned to your starting base. This happens on all the white squares and also coloured starting squares, but players cannot be knocked off the black safety squares nor off the HOME SAFETY ZONE where, of course, only your own men are allowed. Men must be got home by shaking the exact number needed.

The winner is the first player to get his four men HOME.

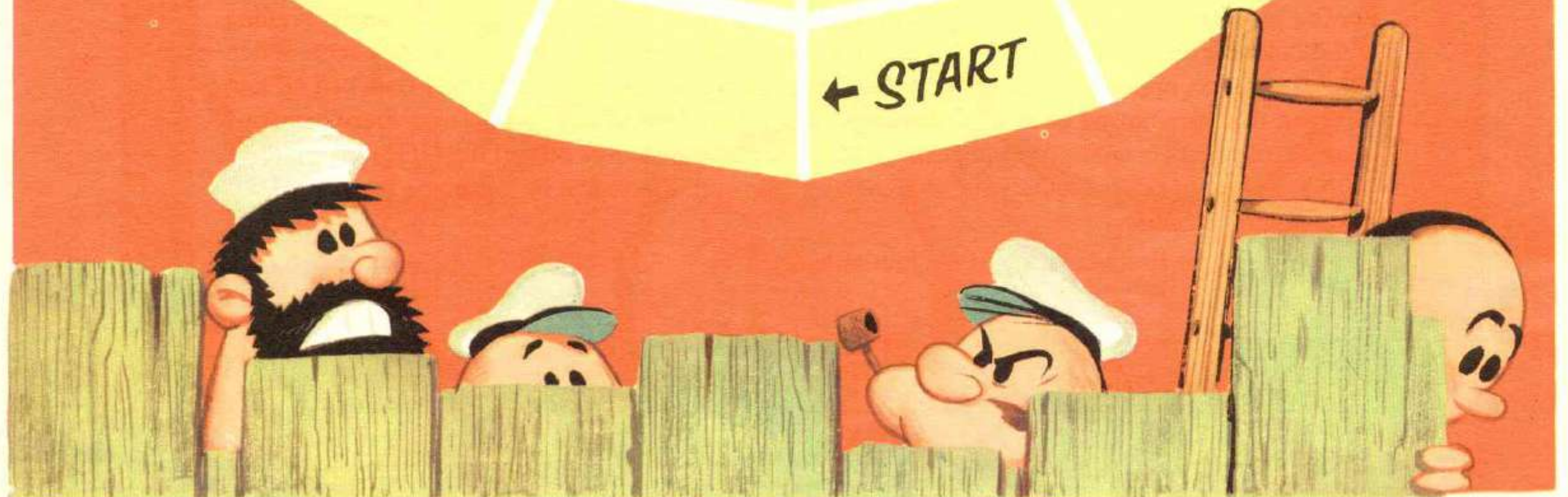
WIMPY'S HIDEOUT

START →

START →

START ↑

← START



WIMPY'S HIDEOUT

A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use the dice or spinner and a counter for each player cut from the centre page.

OBJECT – To move a counter into the centre where Wimpy is hiding.

Players take turns throwing the dice and moving left, from the start square which they have chosen, the number of spaces they have rolled. If his counter lands on a square already occupied he must go back to his previous square. When a player lands on a square with a black arrow he follows the direction into the space indicated, then once again at his next turn moves to the left.

When a player stops on a purple square he is given another go. Stopping on a blue square means he misses a go.

The winner is the first player to move into the centre Hideout space.

"It does? Then wha' we gonna do, Popeye – get some folks to sail there wit us?"

"PHOOEY!" bellowed Popeye. "We're gonna sait there right now an ya cin be sure of one t'ing... we'll be a coupla rich millionaires!"

And so saying he headed the boat out to sea again.

But, in her witch's workshop, the Sea Hag had been observing them through a Super Witchlike Telescope.

"So my monsker whale didn't drown those two tiresome foes... but it did sump'n even better," she gloated. "So they has found a map to hidden treasure. Well, old Haggy is gonna take it off them... heh, heh, heh!"

And, without losing a moment, Haggy hopped into her all-black speedfoil – and soon she, too, was zooming far out to sea.

But by a slightly different route!

For the Sea Hag most certainly did not want her old rivals to spot her – yet!

Meanwhile – all unknown to any of them – another fearsome plot was about to start brewing.

Far out on the ocean deep a ship was sailing – and from its masthead there fluttered a flag. Not a friendly flag, either. For it was a black flag bearing the dreaded skull and crossbones!

A pirate ship on the prowl...

And at the head of its villainous crew of blackbearded buccaneers was a huge man with the blackest beard of the lot.

So enormous was his beard that everybody called him Big Beard. In fact, they had been calling him that for so long that nobody now remembered what his real name was! And if Big Beard himself remembered it, he kept the information to himself.

Besides, just at this moment he was thinking of other matters. He was, in fact, sweeping a big telescope this way and that – for the Pirate Chief was never a man to neglect the precaution of keeping an eye on things.

He could only keep one eye on things because he only had one eye. The other, lost in a pirate raid when cutlasses clashed at dead of night, was covered with a black patch which made him look more sinister than ever!

"We're sure of where the treasure island is," he cried, "but we ain't sure just where treasure is buried."

"Then how we gonna find it, Chief?" inquired his first mate, a wizened pirate answering to the name of Red because his short wiry hair was the colour of bright red carrots.

"Ya allus ask awkward questions!" roared Big Beard. "All we knows is that the secret map was flung into the sea in a bottle from that schooner we raided."



"Sure – and now we ain't got no idea where the Bottle is, and so we don't know where the lovely loot is, either," said Red.

He chuckled merrily – but his merriment was short-lived. For, seeing the baleful glare in the Pirate Chief's beady eyes, he stopped chuckling so quickly that he almost choked!

Big Beard, who was still scanning the horizon through his telescope, rumbled: "Well, we're a-sailin' fer that ole desert island... and you and all the other swabs has gotta dig and dig and dig and dig until we find that loot!"

"Yeah, Chief," answered Red, though not very jubilantly because if there was one thing he disliked more than any other thing it was work!

"It's gonna make us all rich beyond the dreams of avarice!" exulted Big Beard.

"Avarice – who's that feller, Chief?" inquired Red.

"Aw, shucks; I yam amazed at yore lack of eddication," snorted Big Beard disgustedly.

He took another peep through his telescope – and, as he did so, he let out a wild yell.

"Ouch!" wailed Red. "Ya bawled so loud ya made me bite me tongue!"

But Big Beard the Pirate Chief wasn't listening. In an excited voice he went on: "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

"Where?" mumbled Red.

Several of the rascally crew had now gathered round, staring at their leader.

"Ya can't see wit'out the telescope, stoopid!" snorted Big Beard. He peered yet again and his huge bearded face split in a mighty laugh which shook him like a jelly on a plate.

"What ya chortling at?" demanded Red crossly.

"Blow me down, as Popeye the Sailor Man would say!" gasped Big Beard. "If it ain't ole pest-puss Popeye hisself wit Swee'pea... and they's sailin' in the same direction as ourselves!"

"What!" yipped Red. "Howling hurricanes and terrifying tornadoes! Popeye must be after the buried treasure!"

Black Beard cackled explosively.

"Whaddya think he's after – coconuts?" he jeered. "Of course the ole spinach-spluttering son of a landlubber is after the treasure hisself!"

"But... but s'pose he gets there fust, Chief?" cried Red.

Big Beard laughed an even bigger laugh, and this time the very timbers of the pirate ship shivered.

"We're gonna *let* him get there fust, stoopid," he chortled. "We're gonna let Popeye the Sailor Man and his little friend do all that nasty hard digging and..."

"And then?" asked Red excitedly.

"Why, we wait till they's done it and then we step right in an' take it off 'em, that's what!" crowed Big Beard triumphantly.

There was a long pause, for the Chief's statement appeared to have stunned the first mate and he needed time to recover.

Though not a quick thinker, even Red could understand simple statements... and what Big Beard had just said was as plain as the nose on Red's wizened face, and nothing could be plainer than that!

He drew his breath in sharply.

"Gee, Chief, when it comes to brains – sheer brains – ya sure does take the fust prize!" gasped Red admiringly.

And all this time our Sailor Man hero and his little chum sailed on unknowing...

"We is here!" announced Popeye as he brought the boat in to rest on a lovely sandy beach. "Now to dig up the treasure... an' all thanks to horrible Haggy!"

Unloading picks and spades, the two friends set off along the shore. Soon they found the palm trees on the southern tip of the deserted island.

And at once they set to work.

But with the hot sun beating down on them, they soon felt tired.

"Oo – I sure would like a lemonade or a soda pop," sighed Swee'pea.

"Keep a-diggin' Swee'pea," rumbled Popeye. "When we find all them gold doubloons and pieces of eight ya will be able ter buy all th' soda pop in th' world!"

And with a renewed effort he drove his spade mightily downwards. In another minute he was rewarded.

CLINK!

CLONK!

"It's th' treasure!" gasped Popeye. He bent low and hauled up a heavy brass-bound box.



With the help of a pick, the sailorman soon had the lid prised off. But as he did so a yell came from him.

"Blow me down – it's just another bit of paper!" he said. "I yam disgustipated!"

"Lemme see it, Popeye," put in Swee'pea. He twitched the paper from his seafaring friend's grip and immediately let out an excited cry.

"YIKE!" yipped Popeye, biting his tongue again. He peered down at the paper and read:

FOURTEEN PACES DUE WEST
AND TWENTY PACES GOING SOUTH
WILL REVEAL MANY GREEN
CONTAINERS
OF VALUABLE STUFF TO THEM
AS DIGS!

"They is makin' it hard fer us," grunted Popeye.

"Who is?"

"Them ancient pirates of the Spanish Main," snorted Popeye.

But he led the way a second time and soon they were digging once more – though not quite so vigorously this time.

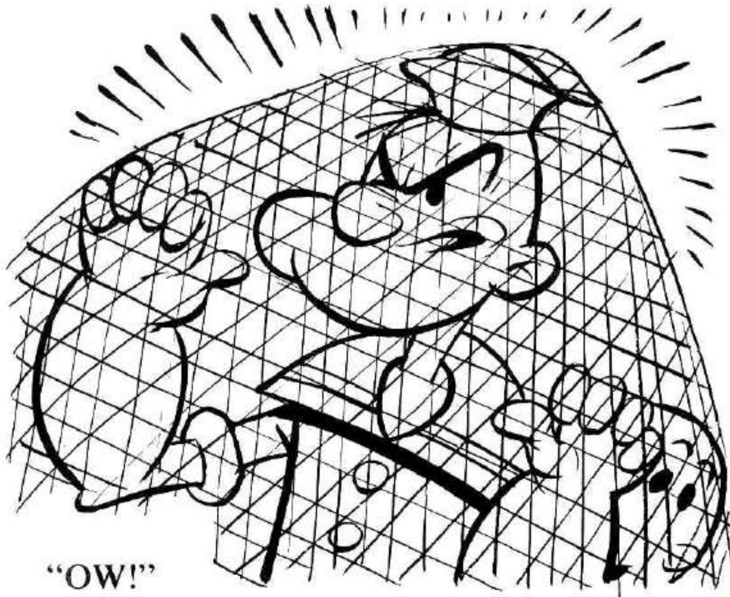
In fact, it was fully half an hour before Popeye heard the merry sound of spade meeting steel.

ZING!

"It's th' buried treasure, the real stuff!" exclaimed Swee'pea.

"Yeah an'..." But just then Popeye broke off.

For right behind them came a big swishing sound. And even as our friends turned, a huge fishnet whirled high in the air and descended over them!



"OW!"

"OUCH!"

As Popeye and Swee'pea yelled, the warm air was filled with gusts of merry mirth.

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"Heh, heh, heh!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Struggliny madly with the encircling fishnet, Popeye and Swee'pea saw that they were surrounded by five grinning, blackbearded faces.

"P – PIRATES!" gasped Swee'pea.

"B-BUCCANEERS!" babbled Popeye.

The biggest of the bearded pirates cackled. "Not them ancient pirates but modern ones," he said. "We bin trying ter track down the hidden treasure of Black Bart fer months – and now you stoopid men has done it fer us!"

"BLOW ME DOWN!" bawled Popeye. "Why, ya pestiferous, pestilential pirates, I'll..." He reached in a pocket for his spinach – only to discover that he had forgotten to bring it with him.

"Ya both are safely in th' net!" cackled the big bearded one. "All tucked up in Big Beard's net while we helps ourselves to the loot! Open up th' fust of them treasure cases, men!"

One of the gang was prising open the lid of the first case when Big Beard wheeled round.

"I heard sump'n," he muttered. "I heard... WASSAT!"

But though he yelled the last word it was drowned in a sudden tremendous noise.

BANG... BLAP... WHAM... Z O O M!

"Great Davey Jones' Locker – somebody is firin' a cannon at us!" bawled Big Beard.

A gigantic cannonball landed with a judder close by – and from out of sight a well-known voice cackled.

"'Tis me, the Sea Hag, with a fine old cannon left by the ancient mariners... don't nobody move unless they wishes ter be sunk in Davey Jones's Locker!"

"HAGGY!" hipped Popeye.

"Heh, heh, heh!" chuckled Haggy from a safe distance. "So ya found the treasure and them pirates get ya, so they could help theirselves! An' now Haggy'll step in and take the lot!"

"Ya horrendous harridan, I'll..." But even as he spoke Popeye's gaze fell on the first of the opened cases. It was full to the brim of green containers each of which bore one magic word...

SPINACH!

He shot an arm through the links of fish netting, yanking a can towards him. With Popeye it was the work of an instant to wrench off the lid... and the work of half an instant to devour the energy-giving spinach in mighty gulps!

"YIPPEE!" roared Popeye.

His jaw jutting and his muscles bulging, the

sailorman seemed to swell before their very eyes.

And, with one mighty bound, he was free!

"Take that... and that... and that... and that!" he bellowed.

ZONK!

BLAP!

BAM!

ZUNK!

KER-PLUNK!

Shrieking pirates fell like ten-pins in a bowling alley.

"That's fer tryin' to trick me into doing yer fell work!", Popeye cried.

"Also fer darin' to take Popeye the Sailor Man prisoner!"

"They sure is sleeping kind of peaceful," grinned Swee'pea as he gazed down at five bearded villains sprawled in all directions.

"And now fer me old adversary the Sea Hag!" chanted Popeye. As he spoke he curled a mighty hand under the gigantic cannonball, swinging it to and fro as if it were made of rubber. Then –

W H O O S H !

The giant ball sailed high into the air. For a second there was nothing. Then –

B O I N G ... B A M ! !

Popeye and Swee'pea sprinted through the trees and up a slight slope. In the middle of a clearing a remarkable sight met their gaze.

The force of the falling cannonball had propelled the Sea Hag right into the mouth of the big cannon.

"Haggy's stuck in th' muzzle!" chortled Swee'pea.

"Yeah, but not fer long," answered Popeye. He touched off the mechanism... there was a mighty plop... and Haggy was shot up, up, up and out, out, out across the deep blue sea.

Far in the distance they heard a resounding splash!

Grabbing Haggy's fallen telescope, Popeye took a long look.

"Haggy's swimmin' mighty powerful back to land," he grinned. "Well, blow me down!"

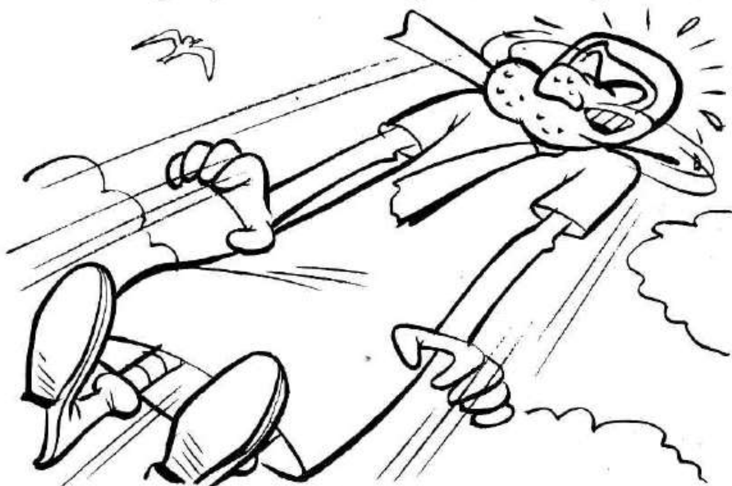
Swee'pea laughed merrily. "Nope – it was blow Haggy *out!*" he cried. "That'll keep her quiet for a long time." A crestfallen look came on his little face. "Th' only thing is we figured we was going to be a coupla rich millionaires," he said disgustedly," and all we've got is a lotta old cans!"

Popeye dropped a kindly hand on his little friend's shoulder. "Why, we got the bestest riches of all," he said. "We got enough spinach to make us the toughest, strongest, most fearless foes in th' world!"

"Gee, I do believe you're right, Popeye..."

Popeye smiled.

"They's one thing ya always wants to remember, Swee'pea," he said. "Spinach makes ya well and strong, and if you got your health and strength you sure has got treasure galore!"



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Who rescues Swee'pea ?



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